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To Saint Joseph.

FRANK X. CULL, '08.

HALLOWED guardian of our Saviour,  
Holy Joseph sweet and mild,  
Thou the chosen one of ages,  
Guardian of the heavenly Child;

Thou, the one unsullied spirit  
In a world by sin oppressed,  
Whom the infant hands of Jesus  
In excess of love caressed.

This thy month and this thy feast-day  
Finds us singing forth thy praise.  
List ye; while we pay our homage,  
Blessed patron of these days.

Life's dark ways grow clearer, fairer  
When thy friendly light is seen;  
Fires of faith flame up the stronger,  
Sainted Spouse of Heaven's Queen!

Glory to thy noble virtues,  
Everlasting be thine fame;  
May the rolling tides of ages  
Fling them forth with loud acclaim.

Fill our hearts with pure devotion,  
Make our souls like those above,  
That our tongues may find expression  
In the words of fervent love.

Be to us a loving father,  
Lead us with thy guiding hand,  
And our steps will never falter  
In the way of God's command.

Guard us with that same devotion  
As thou didst thine infant Child,  
And our hearts will never fail us,  
Though the night be e'er so wild.

Be our guardian in all conflicts,  
Lead us safe through every strife,  
As thou didst the Infant Jesus  
When base Herod sought his life.

When our souls from earth are summoned  
And our bodies sink to rest  
May we like the Infant Jesus  
Find a haven on thy breast.

Horace's Ars Poetica.

F. A. ZINK, '08.



THE Ars Poetica of Horace has opened a broader field for discussion and speculation, perhaps, than any other of that author's poems. Lovers of Horace have offered many opinions concerning its nature, arrangement, reason and object of composition. But as all of these

are merely opinions and not dogmatic or generally accepted truths, I also shall venture an opinion (different from what has heretofore been given) on the reason, object, and purpose for Horace's having written the Ars Poetica. However, I shall not concern myself with the whole poem, but only with the first seventy-three lines of it, since it is in these lines that the author's purpose, to my mind, is principally stated.

The first seventy-three lines of the Ars Poetica, which are looked upon by Horatian scholars as introductory to the main part

of the poem, contain, I should venture to say, a twofold purpose of the author; an impersonal and a personal one; that is, besides the superficial meaning attached to the words on their first reading, there is an underlying thought which becomes apparent only after a long and deep study of the text. Just which of these two motives prompted Horace to compose the *Ars Poetica* is difficult to say, and yet I am satisfied that a personal motive was responsible for its production. I am not implying that Horace was not sincere in his advice to the Pisos, especially to the elder Piso who had poetical aspirations; on the contrary, I easily believe that Horace meant what he said, but that the giving of this advice held only a secondary place in the author's mind. The primary motive of the poet, one might suppose, was to vindicate himself from the unjust charges brought against him through his writings by incompetent and hasty critics of his day. And he did this by embodying in this poem the rules of composition according to which he has framed and moulded all his ideas and sentiments in the various forms of his writings. The following passage from the *Ars Poetica* will illustrate what I mean.

Horace, as we know, was criticized by some writers not only for his manner of expression, but for his thought and subject-matter. The latter objection he takes up and overcomes in the first forty-five lines of the poem and the former in the remaining lines of the first part. From lines 1 to 35, where he makes the explicit statement that he would rather live with a crooked nose than compose a poem so imperfect and so incongruous as to correspond to a "*Humano capiti cervicem.... equinam iungere*" or to "*serpentes avibus gementur*" or to a "*dephnum silvis appingit*," he keeps pointing out to his critics how fatal it would have been to any writer, and therefore also to himself, to have soared into regions of thought and expression far beyond his own capability of development and composition. He says of himself "*proffessus grandia surget*." He continues this thought in lines 36 to 48 where he says: "*Sumite materiam vestris.... aequam viribus*." Here especially, while apparently speaking only advice to the Pisos, Horace

is justifying the thought and mode of expression which permeate his writings. He could not, like the earlier poets, have poetic flights of the imagination and thus produce a beautiful though almost entirely fanciful piece of work; therefore, he treated common topics in common language.

In lines 46 to 48 Horace shows not only how permissible but how difficult it is for a writer to combine words so as to make familiar ones appear in a new meaning. He is here, no doubt, justifying his use of such phrases as "*rubente dextera*," "*pronus annos*," and the like. Then in lines 51 to 60 it is plainly evident that he regards as an indisputable right the use of words having a "*Gracco fonte*." His words "*Ego cur acquirere pauca si possum invideor*" can not be mistaken. In the very sentence in which he champions this right and in the very face of his critics, Horace uses the Greek construction "*Ego cur acquirere pauca.... invideor*."

Horace closes the first part of the epistle by saying that custom regulates the manners and expressions of a people, and that we must, therefore, break away from the old traditions of our ancestors and live and act and write according to the demand of the time.

To our minds, because we do not fully realize the feelings and prejudices of the times, this motive of freeing himself from contemporary criticism is, at first sight, overlooked, but to the people of Rome it must have been perfectly plain. His critics, too, must have noted, perhaps reluctantly, and admired the artistic shrewdness with which he set forth his arguments and accomplished his end.

Considering the poem from this standpoint I think that we can easily account for the abrupt and unexpected transitions of thought as well as for the lack of unity and completeness which characterize it. For it is reasonable to suppose that after Horace had established his defence in the first part of the epistle it was incumbent upon him, since he started out to warn his friends against falling into those mistakes so common to inexperienced writers, to offer some counsel to them on that line of poetry which they wished to follow; and as the elder Piso at least was directing his ener-

gies toward dramatic poetry, it was only natural that Horace should speak of that art. When this had been done the poem had served its purpose and was consequently brought to an end. Thus it happens that the *Ars Poetica* deals in the main with dramatic poetry, omitting almost entirely all other forms of writing.

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### Erin.

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FAR, far o'er the ocean lies fair Innisfail,  
With her dew and her sun and her fostering gale.  
Her rocks lifting high native battlements, crowned  
With a foliage bright as the hue of the ground,  
And the briar flower opes on the wooded hill's rise,  
And heaven's soft breath on the valley's heath lies,  
The mountain tops ring with the birds joyful cry,  
And the islet rocks echo in gladsome reply.  
The laughing stream's gush, from its home in the hill,  
And the fount's fall, the air with their melody fill.  
But 'mid splendor abounding, which nature there  
spreads,

The foot of her own son dejectedly treads.  
No sweetness, no light, brings the vision, for he  
Can but brood o'er the past and what Erin might be.  
Though war rolls its fire o'er her bosom no more  
The spell of the Saxon is still on her shore;  
It breathes in the council, it works in the realm,  
To deceive and betray, to oppress and o'erwhelm;  
Her bowers are not shook by the red tempest's breath,  
But avarice brings her a bitterer death.  
Wouldst thou know it, at times, one might hear the  
low cry

The wail of the famishing people, "I die."  
Mark poverty's tatters and hunger's wild grief  
Where the harvest abundantly opens its sheaf;  
And the taunts at the Celt's love of freedom inborn:  
Which ne'er bent to the despot his steel nor his scorn;  
See her ports all deserted, her harbors all still  
Which the ships of the nations in commerce should fill.  
See the bark's human freight as it lingers to weep  
Ere severed from Erin and war by the deep.  
Hear the heart-rending cry from the emigrant wrung  
Which alone claims the chords of her harp now  
unstrung.

In their ruins behold, where he struck from the sod  
The cradles of learning, the temples of God.  
And see ignorance reign, and dark heresy blest,  
Where alone from the deluge, truth's pinions could rest,  
There's a charm in the Island all stricken and low,  
There's a grief through the earth when she suffers  
a blow.

There's a will in the millions far distant apart  
To challenge an arrow that's plumed for her heart;  
A queen is she still though all fettered, all weak,  
There is pain in her soul but no shame on her cheek.  
Will not her avenger the tyrant disarm?  
But peace,—her bright rainbow is seen through the  
storm!

May prosperity now with its sun o'er her sod  
Make her glorious to earth as she is to her God.

B. B. C., '12.

### The Harp of Erin.

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TIMOTHY P. HAGERTY, '11.

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LET Erin's harp resound to freedom's lay  
And wake the train of long-forgotten men.  
Who bravely fought and died for Ireland when  
They vowed that England should give o'er her sway  
Nor still reward her troops with earthly pay.  
But mighty England conquered them, and then  
Great freedom's holy cause was crushed again;  
So let the harp for them begin to play.

The hearts that once beat warm and true are still;  
No more they leap when called by harp and horn,  
But yet the spirit of their valor lives  
In Irish song and tale which ever will  
Inspire brave deeds till on the judgment morn,  
The tomb its heroes back to Ireland gives.

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### Solving the Matrimonial Problem.

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FRANCIS DERRICK, '08.

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Jonathan Sharpe was the name of a plain, unassuming farmer of South Dakota. He was not a millionaire, neither was he poor, but a typical specimen of the ordinary tiller of the soil. A quiet man by nature, Jonathan became still more quiet by his surroundings.

Sharpe had reached the age of twenty-six, unaffected by the charms of the other sex, when he bethought himself that it would perhaps be better for him to have a helpmeet. There being no prospect of getting a wife where he was, he resolved at his next trip to town to cast about for some girl who might be persuaded to enter the matrimonial state. This seemed to him at first an easy matter, but after long searching he changed his mind. At last, however, his eyes rested with approbation upon the daughter of a store-keeper, Miss Annie Ferguson. He proposed; and in due time was accepted and they were married.

Jonathan Sharpe and his wife led an ideal married life for about a year; then symptoms of discontent arose,—not on the part of the husband; indeed it would have been hard to find a happier man, but his wife became dissatisfied. She was tired of this monotony, she said. The country was get-

ting on her nerves and she wanted to live in the city. At last, after several little quarrels, matters came to a head in a grand smash. Both were very angry, and expressed their opinions of each other in words which left no room for doubt as to the event. Annie went back to her mother, and Jonathan was left alone on the farm.

Not till then did Jonathan Sharpe know how much he really cared for his wife. He became gloomy and abstracted, while the farm naturally went "to the dogs." Finally he sold it, unable to endure his solitary existence, and went to San Francisco. There he was lost sight of for five years.

In the meanwhile the wife, in her first fit of anger, had procured a divorce. Incompatibility of temper, or some such thing, was the only ground given. In the West it is easier to be divorced than to be married. The fact that there was no child made it easier still.

But as the years went by and nothing was heard of Jonathan Sharpe, Annie Sharpe, or rather Annie Ferguson, began to think differently. After all, she thought, he was not a bad man, and did perhaps the best he could. And before long she caught herself wishing to see him again.

After the lapse of five years Sharpe found the separation more intolerable than ever. Then the thought presented itself that perhaps she had been divorced. That made him firm. He would never see her if she were divorced. But after all, it was merely a supposition, it might not be true,—it could not be true, he argued.

His pride rebelled against writing to her personally, so he wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, asking him to bring about a reconciliation, provided his wife were not divorced. In which case he declared he would not stir one inch to meet her.

Thomas Ferguson had always liked Sharpe and had guessed accurately enough that the injured husband would repent of his determination if he could but meet his former wife again; so Ferguson informed his sister of the news, suppressing the portion containing the husband's righteous indignation toward divorce, and with some difficulty received from Annie a reluctant consent. She pitied poor Jonathan, she said, and could not refuse him this request. So Ferguson tele-

graphed to Sharpe that everything was satisfactory and that he might come at any time. Jonathan answered that he would come at ten next morning.

Behold, then, Mr. Tom Ferguson on the station platform at precisely ten a. m. But no train appeared. Half-past came and still no train. He asked the agent how much late the train was.

"Train was wrecked thirty miles from here," was the unexpected reply.

"Wrecked!" shouted Ferguson, "was anyone killed?" "Haven't heard yet," said the man.

The evening papers printed an extra edition that night. Heading the list of "dead" was the name of Jonathan Sharpe.

### The Cottage by the Sea.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

IT stands upon the headland  
Above the rolling sea,  
The little, lonely cottage  
That sheltered you and me.

The gate is standing open  
To welcome us again,  
The massive brazen hinges  
Long broken by the strain.

The cottage, too, is barren,  
Nor long more can it last;  
The windows are unguarded,  
The walls are crumbling fast.

The place is all confusion,  
That old home by the sea,  
But o'er it is a vision,  
A happy memory.

When you and I were children  
And played upon the beach,  
And made that promise golden,  
'Be faithful each to each,'

How little did we think, then,  
The world was half so wide,  
As hand in hand we wandered  
Beside the foaming tide:

Now we have long been parted  
From all we held so dear,  
But oft in fond remembrance  
I've shed a burning tear.

And now the dear old homestead  
Beside the roaring sea,  
Remains a sweet remembrance,  
A happy memory.

"Donec Gratus Eram."

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

Horace, Bk. III., Ode x.

Al! once I pleased you well, my dear;  
No other youth put tender arms  
Around thy neck, but of good cheer,  
Like Persia's king, I held thy charms.

But then you had no other flame,  
And Lydia was first in place;  
And she was better known to fame  
Than Rhea, mother of the race.

Well Thracian Chloë rules me now,  
Who softly sings and sweetly plays;  
For whom I'd dare in death to bow,  
If Fate would grant her length of days.

Calais dear, Ornytus' son,  
Reciprocates my ardent fire;  
And twice I'd dare life's race to run,  
If Fate would spare him, my desire.

But if the ancient love returned  
And forced us 'neath its brazen yoke,  
Or gold n Chloë should be spurned,  
Would gates swing open at my stroke?

Although the stars are not so bright,  
And thou more wrathful than the sea  
And fickle as a cork is light,  
I'll let him go to live with thee.

Seen in the Night.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I stood alone upon a large hill of pure white sand at the very dead of night. It was dark,—intensely dark, I thought—for the storm-clouds hung low that night, and the moon away off in the south only threatened occasionally to show itself through the rifts in the now blackened sky. Below, on the nearer or southern side, the little town slumbered peacefully and silently, as all towns do when they retain that rough simplicity of manner which characterized their earlier inhabitants. Here and there through the darkness tiny lights twinkled feebly from the windows of far-off cottages. It seemed to me that in one cottage at least some lonely mother must have been waiting the return of a wayward son, as fond mothers have ever done; in another a faithful friend must have been stationed at the bedside of an afflicted loved

one; and the little light far to the westward where the woods began, must have come from the holy candle, as it burned at the confined form of a father or mother during the long silent hours of the night. It seemed thus to me, for the little lights twinkled so sorrowful and lonely-like through the heavy darkness.

At regular intervals the dismal street lamps flared up in their usual dull hazy light, which made the surrounding shadows look darker and blacker than before. A dog barked in the distance and the echo sounded distinctly for some seconds upon the midnight air, until the answering bark of two others warned numerous deep-toned companions to the obligations of a similar duty. From the distant woods a shrill, long-drawn whistle startled me, and in a moment the night express rushed into the station amid a storm of sparks and out-pouring steam. Immediately from all sides hurrying forms appeared as if by magic. To and fro they moved, unloading huge boxes from the cars and replacing them with huger ones, until it seemed they must long before have ceased for lack of space. A deal of shouting there must have been, for I could see them gesticulating in the dim light, but the roar of the waves below, the noise of the engine, and the great distance prevented me from hearing. A few curious sleepy looking faces pressed themselves against the window panes for a moment, as though in wonderment at the busy scene without, but withdrew again almost immediately to the warmth and the welcome quiet of their berths. The last box was placed within the car, a lantern signalled the man at the throttle and again the train moved slowly out of the little town, until only its lights gleamed uncertain-like for a few moments before dying out in the distance. One or two lights moving about here and there told me that the workers were still busy, but soon even they disappeared, and again all was darkness about the station.

Bright, lurid flashes now and then illumined the sky, lighting up the whole scene as though it were mid-day. At such intervals, as I faced about to the north, I could see each white-flecked wave as it dashed angrily upon the sandy beach and then rolled back again into the deep to give place to another.

of its kind. The wind was rising now, and I could hear its dull, hollow moan away off to the west and south and east, where huge forests threw a sort of surrounding fortress about the little town. Another flash, and I saw the dark form of the solitary life-saver perched high up in the watch tower, with his night-glass resting negligently upon his arm, singing the old sailor songs, as they all do during the long hours of guard-night. The dark rolling clouds, too, seemed to have crept nearer and lower, for I could almost feel them about me now; so I thought anyway as I stood on my high elevation.

Far out where the piers should have been, I could see the two twinkling lights which from time immemorial have pointed out to countless mariners the harbor entrance. The piers themselves I could not see, for the darkness was so intense, and then too I knew the raging waters had by this time covered them entirely. The lighthouse stood a little farther back toward the town, and its beacon light, which had never failed of its duty from the time that the first little two-masted schooner followed its guidance to safety, still continued to reveal the queer old-fashioned tower which had so faithfully supported it during the storms of seventy years.

Below to the westward the fishermen's shanties lay darkened, and I thanked God then and there, that the brave men were safe at home on such a terrible night, and not out upon the treacherous waters in their frail fishing smacks. A little farther on a few dimly-lit lanterns hung from the shrouds of the various sailing craft which had reached port that day, and only the blank darkness told where a gallant ship had been stationed but the night before. She had left port that afternoon, for I remembered seeing her depart. Was she still stubbornly fighting her way across the terrible, storm-tossed waters, or had her prudent captain put in at some near-by port? I wondered a moment half in doubt; "but no," I thought, "When did the Swan and her brave captain ever fear wind or wave or deceiving current?" And as I remembered her trim, set sails and long, tapering hull, I felt that she must have been fighting yet, and fighting victoriously against the raging deep.

Suddenly there echoed a clap of thunder that seemed to shake to its very foundation the hill upon which I stood. The whole sky became ablaze with a sort of bluish light, and in a moment the already huge waves rose mountain high, and dashed with a terrible roar upon the beach, seething and frothing all the while in the most terrific manner. The flash spent itself, and the sound of the waves too died down to a sullen roar. A moment of the most intense silence passed slowly away, and then from far across the lake I heard it coming; coming, with the speed of an express train, nearer and nearer, faster and faster, until I could literally feel its approach at every moment. Then I turned, and ran down the hill at full speed, not daring to pause once until I was safe in a little abandoned work shanty below. And then it came, the Indiana shower, with its large, cold, pattering drops, but I was happy, for I was safe in my little protection, and had seen nature at work, had gazed upon her mysteries and listened to her secrets.

### Thoughts in Winter.

FRANCIS DERRICK, '08.

Horace, Bk. I., Ode ix.

BEHOLD how white with drifts of snow  
Soraete stands. The weary trees  
Can not endure the weight; below  
See how the streamlets begin to freeze.

Heap up the wood. Dispel the cold,  
And brightly let our fireside shine,  
We'll drink deep draughts of four-year old;  
Come, Thaliarchus, the Sabine wine.

The gods may guard the rest, obeyed  
By raging winds and foaming sea.  
Old oaks and ash trees too, they've made  
Cease from their restless activity.

Don't worry o'er to-morrow's care,  
Esteem to-day, however bad  
A gain; try, as a youth, to fare,  
Happy with joy's sweet loves, e'en though sad.

Old age still seems so far away.  
For then both field and public street  
Echo soft sighs at close of day,  
Then is the hour when the lovers meet.

In yon recess some favored swain  
With smothered laughter keeps his tryst,  
And begs a gift for love to gain  
Snatched from a hand or yielding wrist.



## Varsity Verse.

## THE VOICE OF THE SNOW.

A GENTLE zephyr with unwonted grace,  
 All unimpeded, guides through heaven's space  
 The downy flakes which ride its speedy wings.  
 It gives them rest on crimson leaves; it brings  
 A mantle pure—a shroud—and robes the earth  
 With virgin white, conceals the darksome hue  
 That marked each inch of soil, and there to view  
 The soft, the tender flakes of snow are spread.  
 If long continued, flake on flake doth rise  
 And make the shrubs small hillocks in disguise.

As silent zephyrs with the flakes they bore  
 To earth have helped conceal the gaping sore  
 That once defaced our land, so men, in turn,  
 By palliating speech may thus discern  
 A means for hiding others' faults, and play  
 Their part to make this life a pleasant day.

J. A. QUINLAN, '11.

## KINDNESS.

Speak not harshly to thy brother;  
 Make not life look cold and vile;  
 Heap not sorrows on another,  
 Or his cherished name beguile.

One kind word may soothe a sorrow,  
 May an angry passion quell,  
 While the brightest hopes for morrow  
 Through reproach one might dispel.

EDGAR J. MISCH, '10.

## WHAT ELSE.

A blacksmith's young son, Billy Lyes,  
 Said: "Father, get next and be wise;  
 If you want all the 'mun'  
 To come in on the run,  
 Shoe the horses while I shoe the flies."

T. A. LAHEY, '11.

## SUPPOSITION.

If the air and clouds and sleet,  
 If the rain and snow and street,  
 If all that grows  
 From seaweeds to crows,  
 If all things we meet  
 Or tread with our feet,  
 If all our clothes,  
 From suit to patch,  
 If chickens that hatch,  
 If stores and shows,  
 If the house  
 From the mouse  
 To the latch,  
 If hills and rates  
 And all these states  
 From Maine to Waco.  
 Were tobacco,  
 Where then yet  
 Could Kennedy get  
 A match?

DESDICHADO.

## SPRING FEVER.

We have heard of many ills  
 Which may shake the human frame;  
 We have taken bitter pills,  
 But we still stayed in the game.

We had teething in the cradle,  
 We had mumps and measles too,  
 We were fed from out a ladle  
 Filled with some ill-smelling brew.

One was nearly taken off  
 When he had appendicitis,  
 One was hit with whooping-cough,  
 One by spinal meningitis.

But there's one disease to mention  
 As the worst one of the season;  
 It has surely got a cinch on  
 All the rest, and that you'll see, son.

*Febris verna's* what they call it  
 In the doctor's learned lore,  
 Does it hurt? Oh, not at all, it  
 Only feels too much like more.

When a fellow's really got it  
 Badly, so he's "on the hummer,"  
 It will stick till he's forgot it,  
 Sometimes till the end of summer.

When the lazy clouds are lying,  
 In the balmy, sunlit sky,  
 When the sweet-voiced birds are flying  
 And the breeze begins to sigh,

When you yearn to wander long  
 Through the shady sylvan dells  
 Up from which the brook's glad song  
 There so musically wells,

There's no doubt of your condition.  
 With these symptoms in your system;  
 Take no doctor's admonition,  
 Though a dozen may assist him.

It's a case of *febris verna*  
 That's attacked you so severely.  
 Take this from me, and you'll learn a  
 Lesson, for I speak sincerely.

So beware of *febres vernae*  
 In these pleasant days of spring,  
 But if this advice you spurn, I  
 Shall say not another thing.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

## LOVE-SICK.

There was a young lady named Hatty  
 Who fell deeply in love with a fatty;  
 They met ev'ry day,  
 And now people say  
 That Fatty and Hatty are batty.

F. M. GASSENSMITH, '10.

### Engineering Education.

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The real importance of any subject is fairly well indicated by the attention which those in interest give to it. Measured by such a standard, the importance of technical education is scarcely second to that of any subject which interests the engineer. There probably is not an influential engineering organization in this country which has not given serious consideration of late to its educational qualifications for membership, and some of them have discussed the subject a number of times. More than that, a large and influential society has been created for the promotion of engineering education solely. The last prominent engineering society to take up this much-discussed question is the American Institute of Electrical Engineers which devoted a special meeting on January 24 to the consideration of better education for electrical engineers.

There is one feature common to all these discussions which at first sight seems most unfortunate, and that is the great variety of opinions expressed as to the fundamentals which should underlie the educational training of all engineers. This observation is about as true of the judgments expressed by engineering educators as of those set forth by practitioners. Doubtless the origin of this feature of the matter is to be found in the comparative newness of the whole work of instruction in engineering, although it is much accentuated by the great variety of individual experiences. One engineer is made to feel keenly the lack of certain knowledge of principles or information as to practical details in some part of his own work. He immediately reaches the conclusion that one of the most important parts of an engineering school should be instruction in just those lines where he has been weak. Another engineer has a similar experience in some other line of practice, and he at once reaches the same conclusion as to the duty of the engineering school in respect to that of which he has most felt the need, and so on throughout the scale. There is probably no engineering instructor of extended experience who has not had just such matters brought to his attention most earnestly many times.

Engineering education, like many other broad fields of work, rests upon certain general fundamental principles which should govern its development and administration. The purely professional part of engineering work is founded upon certain portions of physical science which, when acquired by the student, give him educational training in what is known as engineering science and which obviously he can learn only in the engineering school. These physical principles lie at the basis of all his professional engineering work, and his grasp of them should be comprehensive and most thorough, whatever his special field of practice may be in after life. In this part of his educational training, analytic and laboratory work should be carefully developed in suitable co-operation. The principal functions of the engineering school are to be discharged in this part of the curriculum. The last year or year and a half of the engineering student's work should be characterized by such judicious applications of these fundamental scientific principles to the actual problems of the engineer as can be made in the engineering school. These exercises should be taken under the direction of instructors who have had actual engineering experience.

At this point, however, lies a serious danger in engineering education. The word "practical" has done far more damage to the cause of true engineering education than the word "theoretical." It has long been the fashion with some to use the latter term contemptuously as indicating mere book learning, whereas engineering theory simply means the ground-work of real knowledge, which is absolutely essential to the effective solution of the most difficult engineering problems and the only basis of rational design. Again, many engineering instructors think that if they call certain operations practical, they will somehow acquire value not otherwise possessed. Further than this, it is not uncommon to find practitioners discussing certain features of engineering education as not being sufficiently practical, meaning that the instruction ought to be devoted much more to the daily technique of the office or the routine details of work in construction. All this is wrong, and it is one of the most gratifying



features of such discussions as those under consideration to find, as time goes on, that these crudenesses are largely disappearing.

It should be recognized at the outset that no engineering school can turn out a complete or finished practitioner. That is not the purpose of such a school. The object of engineering education should be the educational training of a young man in the fundamental principles of engineering science and in such applications of it to engineering problems as will enable him after graduation to become a satisfactory practitioner within a reasonable time, and that is all the technical school can and ever will accomplish. The development of a well-trained judgment and the acquisition of capacity to administer in an efficient, executive manner the large and complicated interests of great enterprises, or the creation of organizations of which the handling of men is one of the most important duties, must inevitably follow or result from experience with affairs during a period of greater or less number of years. No institution can confer such qualities upon its students, and the attempt to do so will result in failure. The time devoted to such ill-directed efforts could much better be applied to perfect and render more efficient the instruction peculiar to the technical school, which the young engineer will never get anywhere else.

The most serious defect of engineering schools at present is their intense specialization. It would be far better if much more attention were given to instruction in the fundamental general principles underlying all engineering, precisely as do law and medical schools. Engineers should be well educated professional men and thereby they would become more effective specialists. This is precisely in line with the expressions of some of those who joined in the discussion at the meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Indeed, some of the expressions made at that time went so far as to advocate a liberal course of study as a preparation for the technical course, as is now required at Harvard University, which again is a most encouraging indication for the broad subject of the educational training of engineers.—*The Engineering Record* (Feb. 22).

### An Infernal Machine.

FRANK X. CULL, '08.

I don't know what it was that roused me, but suddenly I was awakened from a terrible dream with a dreadfully fear clutching at my heart. I could not move or speak; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; my limbs grew frigid and stiff. A cold, clammy perspiration stood out on my forehead, and my breath came quick and short. I felt that I was standing on the awful brink of eternity with but a few moments more till my body would be rent asunder and my soul hurled into the great beyond. In this state of agony my senses were unusually active. Yes, there was a light shining in through my window, a ghastly light that must have come from the other world, for where else could a light come from in the dead of night? I had gone to sleep but a few minutes before, and this terror came upon me without premonition or warning. Where was the dread destroyer? Yes, ah yes, there it was just behind my bed. I could hear it registering off the last moments of my life and rushing me on to my doom,—an infernal machine! I felt possessed of a desire to spring up and dash it to pieces, to hurl it from me, to hasten the explosion,—anything, anything, rather than to be helpless in the awful suspense of impending disaster. But in my paralyzed state I could do nothing. My limbs refused to act. Overcome by horror, I resigned myself to my fate, resolved to meet the inevitable like a man. I had not long to wait. With a clattering roar the thing went off. My limbs were loosened, my tongue was freed. I leaped out of bed with a shriek and clutched the infernal instrument in my hands; twenty minutes past six it registered—my alarm clock.

### False Friendship.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

LET not the sword of regret pierce thy bosom  
When those you thought to be friends prove untrue.  
Why must you weep o'er such friendship departed  
When but its shadows were harbored by you?

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—In another column of this issue of the SCHOLASTIC we reprint from the *Engineering Record* of February 22 an article on Engineering Education.

**General Education and Practical Engineering.** Every student who has decided upon a course of engineering in any of the engineering departments of the University is advised to read the article carefully in order that he may be helped to a clearer understanding of the relative importance of practice and theory in the academic work that is preparatory to the real work of his chosen profession. The article represents the best thought on this important subject. As the writer points out, it is not the purpose of the school to develop practical skill along engineering lines, but rather to direct one's preparatory work so that after graduation he may become a satisfactory practitioner in a reasonable time; "that is all the technical school can and ever will accomplish." It is pointed out that intense specialization is the most serious defect of the present system; this, however, is somewhat offset by the disposition of the leaders of thought along these lines to advocate a liberal course of study as a preparation for technical courses.

—Am I my brother's keeper? This question ought to strike with unaccustomed force on the ears of every true citizen of the United States during the

Am I My Brother's Keeper? coming political campaign, but above all it should strike home to the men who have had the good fortune of a wider education along political lines than their confrères. No one can deny that a greater and more far-reaching responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the men who possess the additional educational advantages necessary to discern the trend of political tendencies which are moving in our government. This is strikingly realized at the present time when we see around us so many men struggling with false political ideas; men who are directed more by impulse or money than by common sense, and who are entirely incapable of directing the affairs of government. The man of education must ever have the welfare of his fellowman at heart. His aims must be away from the selfish, and toward the altruistic. He must be a guide and helper, a brother to those whose knowledge of political affairs is nil. Let him keep himself far above the baser political motives which rule the common politician. With such motives to lead him, there is every reason to believe that in the future the principles of our Republic will be as well guarded as they have been for the past century and a half.

—Once more we hear that Japan is about to go to war,—this time with China, and apparently from motives of self-aggrandizement.

The Chinese-Japanese Imbroglia. Since the late war the subjects of the Mikado have been groaning under a heavy burden of taxation. The Japanese policy of aggressiveness and expansion has resulted in a few material benefits, but Japan's natural resources are not great, and the effect of such great expenditure is the impoverishment of her people. Those best informed tell us that Japan has hungry eyes fastened on our Eastern possessions, but it is certain that she can not obtain them without a struggle. "Money is the sinew of war," but Japan has no money, and, what is worse,

no credit. Therefore, she seizes the first opportunity that offers to attack her weaker neighbor with her powerful army and fleet with the apparent intention of extorting another indemnity like that which enabled her to bring the Russo-Japanese war to a successful termination.

Such tactics as these are a travesty on our civilization. In Europe this could never happen, because the balance of power is so well secured. But Japan can take advantage of her neutrality treaties and alliances with foreign nations, since these seldom make stipulations as to Japan's relations with China, and China has no offensive alliances. Therefore, the question resolves itself into a mere matter of how long China will resist, and how much will they have to pay the Japs for peace. If some of those who have raised the cry of world-wide peace would step into the arena with a plea for justice and equity, it would be a far-reaching tendency toward a laudable end,—harmony and justice and love between men, regardless of nationality or race.

—The policies and thought of a people are in great measure shaped by their orators and public speakers. The human voice has

ever been the most potent instrument in arousing the feelings and emotions of mankind, but its power for good

or evil is usually in direct proportion to the personality of the man who controls its utterances. The demagogue may for the moment sway the passions of the unlettered mob; but the man whose thoughts find embodiment in the policies of the educated, must be endowed with the strength and integrity of a virile personality. This truth is well exemplified in the case of William Jennings Bryan, the leader of the democratic party, and America's foremost living orator.

Although twice defeated for the presidency he again leads the field of candidates for executive honors, and the secret of his hold upon the affections of the democratic party is undoubtedly to be traced to the commanding personality of the man himself. Those high qualities of mind and heart, which are so marked in the man, have earned for him the title of "Peerless Leader," and

although he has twice failed in his political aspirations, still his party is content to have him lead their forces. In listening to an address by the Nebraskan, one is readily impressed by the deep earnestness, the sparkling intellect, the high morality, and the analytical mind of the speaker. His thoughts couched in the purest diction, are uttered with a force born of conviction, and his sentiments reflect solid principles of sturdy manhood and Christian living. His gestures, though few, are strongly expressive of the thought he wishes to drive home, and are used with rare effect. It is these qualities of earnestness, high morality, geniality and true Americanism, which have gained for Bryan the admiration, if not the unanimous support, of the American people.

—There seems to be a movement on foot at present among some of the larger universities to stamp out faulty diction and barbarous English as used among

Remarks on many of the college men. It College English. is a commendable work and should be amply seconded by

every true advocate of pure English. All college men should take an active interest in the crusade, for whether their work is in the shop, the laboratory, or the lecture hall, whether they are men of the fine or liberal arts, they are not obtaining all that a college training implies unless they are making themselves efficient in the use of English. Education, even in the engineer, should not be so specialized as to eliminate English, as is pointed out in another editorial.

No student should shirk his responsibilities to this training under the pretext that his work is not particularly concerned with English. If success should ever crown his efforts he will live to realize the great mistake he has made as a college student. It is needless to enumerate the many ways he will be called upon to transmit the results of his success to others either verbally or in print. Then, too, is not a college man judged largely by his use of English? It would seem that to argue thus is a waste of time, but the spirit of indifference shown by many college men in this work renders an occasional reminder advisable and, maybe, profitable.

### The Philopatrians' Play.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at Notre Dame by the presentation of the Philopatrians' play, the annual event in the history of Carroll Hall's most flourishing society. In the old days the St. Cecilians held first honors among the societies in Carroll Hall, and the Philopatrians were second. Now it is different: the latter society has outlived the former, and is really the best exponent of all that is best in Carroll Hall. Brother Cyprian is behind the scenes in more than one way in the development of the society, and in every way he is there for the best interests of the members of the society. Quiet in one sense but energetic in another, severe when necessary, but at all times respected by the members of the organization, Brother Cyprian has done for the better and more ambitious boys in Carroll Hall that which will entitle him in the years to come to the same affectionate remembrance that was earned for a like reason by his predecessor in this work; Professor Joseph Lyons. The slavish doing of a narrowly interpreted duty is the work of a slave; the large-hearted doing of one's duty is the work of a man who will not be forgotten. Brother Cyprian has done in this respect the work of a man, more correctly, it might be said, the work of a true religious.

The presentation of the play is only one item—a large one—in the year's history of the society; and those who had the privilege of witnessing the performance had reason to feel that the little fellows got out of the play all that was in it. The acting was up to an unusually high standard. In no particular was it decidedly weak; and this is remarkable, since so many of the boys were new to the business of speaking their lines before a critical audience. None seemed to halt or forget. None seemed to be embarrassed or afflicted with the ancient malady called stage-fright. None seemed to suffer from unwise direction in the interpretation of their parts. All did well and are to be praised accordingly.

The play, "Hamnet Shakespeare," was written for the Philopatrians by a former professor, Mr. John Lane O'Connor, who

is now playing the title-rôle for the Pacific Coast presentation of Parsifal. The drama is a romantic play in three acts, and deals with the life and death of one of William Shakespeare's three children, Hamnet. The scenery used in the second act was new, the work of Professor F. X. Ackermann, and added to the success of the play. The background was the reproduction of a river scene to be found just west of St. Mary's Academy. The University Orchestra contributed largely to the pleasure of the audience not only by the playing of special numbers between acts, but also by subdued accompaniment to the action of the play. Earlier in the day the band entertained the students and faculty in the rotunda of the Main Building. Professor Petersen is to be congratulated for the success of these two organizations which are under his direction.

Several of the youthful actors who took part in the play are deserving of special mention. Prominent among these was J. F. Nugent who played the part of Aaron Hathaway, Hamnet's great-uncle. His work was very acceptable, and that without any apologies for the difficulty experienced by a small boy taking the part of an ill-tempered old man. Everything being taken into consideration, one might say that Master Nugent deserves first mention. Almost equal praise may be given with justice to F. N. Burt who played the title-rôle, Hamnet Shakespeare. His action was easy and unaffected, and his stage presence was attractive. In a general way, it may be said that there was nothing noticeably forced or unnatural in the acting of any of the members of the cast. J. L. Parkes, who played the part of Jeppo, the gypsies' servant, and F. J. Donahue, who played the part of Adriano, succeeded in making the most out of parts that were entirely secondary to the action of the play. B. F. McLain made a good Ned Burton, the rescuer of young Hamnet who was kidnapped by the gypsies; J. A. Hubbell stood out prominently among the gypsies, ably seconded by C. P. Schickler, the former playing the part of Giovanni, the latter impersonating Bozzo. Besides these there were five others whose parts brought them so prominently into the action of the play that any account telling of the success of

the play would be incomplete without reference to them in a special manner: there was W. P. Downing who acted the part of Dick Hodgson, Hamnet's playfellow; there was R. H. Bowles who made an excellent Bob Bunch, full of fun and rollicking action; L. M. Livingstone played the villain's part admirably, a Wat Brewster whose presence was felt throughout the action of the play; C. J. Tyler, weighed down with the burden of years that were typified by a straggling beard and a crook in his back, performed admirably in the person of Roberio, the feeble and aged fortune-teller; and finally there was M. D. Fanning, who made a good companion for the villain in the play, impersonating the character of Diavolo, chief of the gypsies. Hamnet's companions, six in number, were also prominent in a way, especially in the first act where the author introduces the play within the play. These parts were taken by J. S. McIver, W. F. Cody, G. A. Milius, M. Gumbiner, J. M. Fordyce, and J. W. Schwalbe. Though these were younger in years than most of their fellows in the play they were not less at ease in doing well the duty assigned to them. To complete the list of the actors mention should be made of the names of E. A. Smyth, P. A. Schmitt, G. B. Sippel, and T. D. Collins who appeared in costume to balance the work of the others without entering into the regular dialogue of the play. There was not a hitch anywhere in the presentation of the drama; no one blundered, no one showed lack of training, all was a success, and the Philopatrians have reason to be proud of the result.

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#### Obituary.

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Mr. James McElhone, who was called home last Thursday on account of the sudden and unexpected death of his brother, has the sympathy and prayers not only of his companions in Holy Cross Hall, but also of the faculty of the University and of the whole student body. *R. I. P.*

The faculty and students of the University extend to Mark Harold McNerney of Carroll Hall, the heartfelt expression of their sympathy on account of the death of his mother. *R. I. P.*

#### Selection of Varsity Debaters.

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Last Saturday evening the University debating teams were selected on the basis of merit in a competition held in Washington Hall. There were eight speakers eligible to take part in the contest, but this number was reduced to seven on account of the illness of Ignatius McNamee who was unable to appear. The record he made in the preliminary contests was such as to make it likely that he would have made one of the teams if he were able to compete in the final contest.

The judges were prominent citizens of our neighboring city, South Bend; their names are Mr. Samuel Parker, Mr. Charles Drummond, Mr. Henry Steis. The presiding officer was Mr. George Clarke. The question debated was: "Resolved, that all corporations doing an interstate business be compelled to incorporate under federal laws, constitutionality granted." The debaters spoke in the following order: Michael A. Mathis, George J. Finnigan, Frank C. Walker, John B. Kanaley, Richard J. Collentine, William P. Lennartz, Peter E. Hebert. Owing to the absence of Mr. McNamee, who was to open the debate for the affirmative, the first speech was in favor of the negative, the others pleading alternately for and against the proposition in the order named.

The office of judge was in this contest a most difficult one. This difficulty was made the more remarkable for the reason that some of the contestants who had done well in the preliminary trials failed to live up to the reputation they had made. The competition was as a result very close, and in consequence of this it is not difficult to understand how it happened that in two instances the judges, not being in consultation, gave the same individual a first place and a last place. And again, it is to be observed that the contestant who averaged last place on all his marks received a 3, 5, and 7 from the judges.

Mr. Lennartz, who won first place, impressed the audience with the fact that he was arguing all the time, although he betrayed a lack of preparation for which it may be said he had a good excuse. He halted too much in his delivery, but is well



able to overcome this defect if we are to judge by his success in the other contests and in oratory in particular.

Mr. Walker, the winner of second place, was good in argument, at ease in delivery, and happy in the control of his voice. It was noted, however, that he failed to employ fully the time allowed him for rebuttal and that he would be more effective in his manner if he somewhat restricted his movement about the platform. One judge picked him for first place. He betrayed no glaring defects.

Mr. Kanaley was ranked third by the judges, but he would have been assigned a higher place if the judges had consulted among themselves before rendering their decision. His work in this final contest was a notable improvement over that exhibited in the preliminaries. In the rebuttal he was at his best. His ranking marks contained a first and a second.

Mr. Collentine, the winner of fourth place, was counted on to do much better, and it is probable that in the contest with Ohio State University he will return to his old form. His work in the preliminary contests was of a higher grade. He possesses a voice of remarkable richness and charm, and should be counted on in the contests which are to be held in oratory as well as in debating. He is still in his junior year, and will be eligible to enter the contests which we are to have next year.

Messrs. Mathis and Hebert were a tie for fifth place. The former had been counted on to land a place up near the top, but the judges took a different view of the matter. It is possible that his extreme earnestness of manner was set against him as a fault; this is the first time that he has appeared in Washington Hall, and he has plenty of opportunity to profit by experience. He is still more than two years from graduation. The same may be said of Mr. Hebert and Mr. Finnigan. Mr. Hebert was at his best, much better than he had been in the preliminary contests. His voice was under control and his manner generally indicated that he had profited by experience. One of the judges ranked him first. Mr. Finnigan received last place in spite of a combination of markings that would seem to indicate something better. He was at his best in the

rebuttals which followed the direct speeches. He and Mr. McNamee will be the alternates for the two teams which have been chosen. The summary of the decision of the judges is as follows:

	Place	Parker	Drummond	Steis	Total Rank
Michael A. Mathis, '10	5	6	4	4	14
George J. Finnigan, '10	7	7	3	5	15
Frank C. Walker, '09	2	3	5	1	9
John B. Kanaley, '09	3	2	1	7	10
Richard J. Collentine, '09	4	5	5	3	13
William P. Lennartz, '08	1	4	2	2	8
Peter E. Hebert, '10	5	1	7	6	14

### A Little Drama.

ACT I.—Selden Trumbull and Lawrence Stoakes lay plans for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. They capture a pig and hide it in the boat-house on the 16th of March. They propose to paint it green and liberate it on the baseball field during the progress of the Irish-Dutch game the next day.

ACT II.—Some one gets wise and leads an expedition to the boat-house at half-past five on the morning of the 17th. The pig is liberated, and the members of the expedition remain in hiding till Trumbull arrives to give his affectionate attention to the pig.

ACT III.—Trumbull arrives at the boat-house and proceeds to gain entrance through one of the windows. Vigorous hands are suddenly laid upon him by four stalwart youths, and Selden is just as suddenly possessed of the inspiration which enables him to foresee what is to happen. "The lake for me," he says, and the four stalwart youths take him at his word. They would have done it without his suggestion.

ACT IV.—The action of the drama comes to a climax to the accompaniment of a rhythmical "Heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho, my lads, heave-ho!" Ten feet from the shore line of the lake Selden Trumbull splashes headlong into the water, the temperature of the atmosphere being 32° above zero.

ACT V.—Stoakes is keeping under cover.



## Athletic Notes.

Although the baseball schedule is still incomplete Manager McGannon has announced it as follows:

April 15—Hillsdale College at Notre Dame.

" 18—Albion College at Notre Dame.

" 22—Beloit College at Notre Dame.

" 55—Michigan "Aggies" at N. D.

" 27—Wabash at Crawfordsville.

May 2—Indiana U. at Bloomington.\*

" 9—Open.

" 12—Western Reserve at Cleveland.

" 13—Niagara at Niagara.

" 14—Cornell at Ithaca.

" 15—Syracuse at Syracuse.

" 16—Williams at Willingston, Mass.

" 18—Dartmouth at Hanover, H. N.

" 19—Open—Harvard or Yale possibly.

" 20—Tufts at Boston probably.

" 21—Forham at New York City.

" 22—Columbia probably.

" 23—Georgetown at Washington, D.C.

" 27—Indiana U. at Notre Dame.

" 29—Wabash College at Notre Dame.

\* \* \*

Mgr. McGannon has also closed a deal with Manager Baird of Michigan whereby Notre Dame will meet Michigan on the gridiron next fall, October 7, at Ann Arbor, the consideration being four baseball games, two to be played here and two at Ann Arbor. Last season Michigan lost a ten inning game to the Varsity and is out for revenge. With four games scheduled, the team that gets away with the series will settle all dispute as to which school has the better team.

\* \* \*

The Dutch-Irish game, which was to have been played on St. Patrick's Day between the Varsity candidates, failed to materialize. The Irish team was ready and willing to play, but for some reason the Dutch refused (reasons being too numerous to mention), and as a result the Irish team claims a victory.

Although the Varsity game was not pulled off Corby, Brownson, St. Joseph and Sorin,

\* A game with Purdue has not as yet been agreed upon, but the chances are that Notre Dame will play Purdue in this trip.

Irish and Dutch got together, and the Irish won every game with the exception of the St. Joseph game.

\* \* \*

To-day Coach Maris divided the Varsity track men into two teams, one under the leadership of Captain Keach and the other under "Long John" Scales, and sent them into a local meet. The affair served as a try-out for the Wabash meet which comes a week from to-day.

\* \* \*

Harry Miller, captain elect of the '08 football team, suffered a badly sprained ankle while practising high jumping in the Gym on Monday, and the chances are that he will be out of the Wabash meet. Miller has shown good form of late, and Coach Maris was counting on him to pick up a few points in the coming meet.

\* \* \*

Dubuc, pitcher, hitter, outfielder and general all-around good man, who suffered from a severe injury to his leg some time ago is out this week and taking light workouts. It will be some time before Dubuc's leg will be in good condition, but there is no doubt whatever but that he will be in shape when the season opens.

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 Personals.
 

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—Matthew Kenefick, '07, visited the University last Tuesday. He is engaged in real estate, insurance and law in his home town, Michigan City. In addition to this he lectures once a week in the local business college. Matt has no reason to complain against the hard ways of the world, for fortune has smiled upon him.

—S. D. Dixon, who was a student at the University from '93 to '97, visited the University a few days ago. He was on his way to Denver where he is to have charge of the automobile interests of the Studebaker Company. For the past few years he has been connected with firms dealing in automobiles. He found many changes at the University which he had not visited in ten years; there were but few remaining among those whom he knew as teachers or companions.

## Local Items.

—The Corby freshman debating team will be composed of L. E. Langdon, James E. Deery and S. P. Skahen.

—The literary and musical organizations of Brownson Hall are making preparations for the Easter entertainment.

—Thursday was the Feast of St. Joseph. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Maguire, assisted by Dr. Marr and Dr. Delaunay. Father French preached the sermon.

—Last Thursday evening the players in Hamnet Shakespeare were favored with a banquet at the Oliver Hotel. The evening was spent in enjoyment and satisfaction for the work.

—Carroll Hall defeated the ex-Junior team at the meet Thursday afternoon by a score of 78 to 12. The ex-Juniors were shut out in six events, not making a point. Carroll Hall showed the results of training in the gym, and has a good team to represent it.

—Corbyites feel that they will have an opportunity to support a strong ball team this year. The followers of the game had an opportunity to get a line on the material in the annual game St. Patrick's Day. The pitching department will be exceptionally strong.

—On the evening of the 15th of the month there was a contest for places on the team which is to represent Brownson Hall in the forthcoming inter-hall freshman debating contest. The contest resulted in the selection of Messrs. G. Sand, E. Lyons and J. Sullivan.

—Opie Read, who was unable to appear in our lecture program on the date originally set, has promised to be here next Monday afternoon. To say that Opie Read knows how to entertain his audience is to say what is taken for granted by all who had the privilege of hearing him when he was here a year ago.

—Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of the University, participated in a St. Patrick's Day celebration at Orchestra hall, Chicago, given under the auspices of the Irish Fellowship club. On Wednesday he took part in an annual convention of the American Railway Engineering and Maintenance of Way association.

—On Friday evening, March 13th, the Engineering Society held its regular meeting at which Mr. Henry Weiss read a paper on Electric Furnaces. He treated upon the Arc, Induction and Resistance Furnaces, showing that the electric furnace has a high efficiency, but the cost of operating it bars it from the commercial world in comparison with

the cost of fuel; unless the cost of power is materially reduced by the use of water power. Messrs. Robert Johnson, William O'Brien and Thomas Maguire were admitted to membership in the society. At the next meeting, March 27th, A. F. McNeely will present a paper on Telephone Engineering.

—The annual ball game between the Irish and Dutch of Corby Hall resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 13 to 7. Mike Sommers did the twirling for the Celts and allowed the Dutch only three hits. Roan supported Sommers from behind the bat. Sours, of the Varsity squad, was given poor support, and this fact more than any other was the cause of the one-sided score. Shrader played back-stop for the Dutch.

—Last Wednesday evening, the eve of the Feast of St. Joseph, the members of the literary society of St. Joseph Hall rendered the following program:

Original poem.....	F. N. Cull
Oration.....	E. Cleary
Fifth Nocturne, Leyback .....	V. McGillis
"Song to the Evening Star".....	W. T. Conlin
Reading.....	J. Freuchtl
The Younger Generation of America.....	J. D'ener
Music Selection.....	J. Doorley
Closing Remarks.....	Rev. George O'Connor

—An exciting match race at forty yards was pulled off last Saturday by some of the enthusiastic sport followers of Sorin. Jimmie Cooke, of baseball fame, and Hug Henning, whose fame is of many kinds, were the contestants. For about five yards, the race was either man's, but Henning then forged ahead and won by a good margin. Then, flushed with victory, Hug was hoisted on the shoulders of his admirers and trotted around the yard for awhile; after which he nonchalantly seized Bucher by the arm and walked shopward. It is Hug's duty to himself and *Alma Mater* to compete for a Rhodes Scholarship on the strength of his performance, and we hope he will do it.

—A Notre Dame man who had an engagement to fill at St. Mary's on Tuesday afternoon was privileged to attend, that evening, the Class Entertainment of this year's Freshmen in our sister institution. He reports that the young ladies achieved a really brilliant success, especially creditable to them as the entire programme was original work and its preparation was neither assisted nor even supervised by any members of St. Mary's Faculty. The comedy, "The Play's the Thing"; the scenic effects produced by vari-colored electric lights; the graphic accompaniments of the "Rainbow" and "See-Saw" musical numbers,—all contributed to delight the audience; while the splendid Irish song and dance was, says our friend, an adequate St. Patrick's Day celebration in itself. Congratulations to St. Mary's Freshmen of 1908.